

ULULATUS.

I'd sing of the spring
 If there were such a thing,
 In our Ottawa climate so rare;
 But when Fifth of May
 Is a cold winter's day,
 I give up the thought in despair.

The latest definition of combustion:—A comical combination.

Who was the best shod lady of ancient times?
 Penelope, for she had thirty souters at her feet.

When you invite a friend to tea, be sure you transfer your *t*, else he shall have nothing to eat.

We had Shamrocks for St. Patrick's day, will we have them for the 24th? The lacrosse men say so.

The accident during the recent base-ball game whereby our pitcher became a little *pale*, should *Mac-us-Kar* for the future.

Our genial lacrosse manager is actively engaged in getting into "condish" for the coming season by vaulting over the *spare rows* of beds in Dormitory No. 2, at the weird hour of midnight.

Our sporting editor, not satisfied with the sights at the Capital, hied him to the Metropolis in quest of new *spectacles*.

Owing to the prevalent opinion that the recent snow-storm was sent on by the weather-clerk as a protest against the retention of winter overcoats in May, there is talk of lynching the offenders. *Intelligenti pauca*, Jocque.

P. S.—A dictionary may be had by applying at the sanctum, Jock.

Was that a bird of Paradise that alighted on the roof the other morning?

An ophiological arcanum.—Did you ever see a serpent? Where is the point?

Teacher:—"Why is the McKinley Bill beneficial to Canada?"

Student:—"Because it prevents eggs-portion and favors home consumption."

A French greeting as tendered by a son of Erin:
 How do you do? 'voo port a vœux?

We hear with great satisfaction that Mr. Dick is about to publish a *parody* on the two well-known songs: "Peek-abo, go-lang from behind that chair," and "The Meeting of the Waters," which will be sung with great éclat at the next public entertainment by the students' own Jimmy.

Lally of old
 Was a hero bold,
 As he pranced on the open field;
 But Lally the new,
 With his pants so blue,
 Has never been known to yield.

Could the young man on table No. 3 in the centre row *tell-us-for* what he would not join the Cadets?

A word of warning from an old Greek sage to young men of our days:

Tous bustakas me kataphronci.

A VIGNETTE.

'Twas midnight! all was silent; not a sound
 Disturbed the solemn hush that reigned around
 The classic beds in No. 1, save when
 A sleeper coughed, snored, sneezed an "ah-chew-hem,"

But all at once a sil'ry voice is heard,
 Sweeter than that of "Eden's garden bird,"
 Rise slowly first, which ere long proudly swells
 In liquid measures of "The Old Church Bells,"
 But ere it had completed the refrain,
 Its owner was in fairy-lands again.
 Thus "murderous sleep" a bad tale often tells
 On singers who're impressed by Old Church Bells!